THE MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.

Hands That are Cutting Through the Blue

H. E. C. Bryant, in Charlotte Observer.

The study of man is always interecting. I must admit that men and out of here. This is no place for women and boys and girls are much 'em," was the quick retort. more attractive to me than are trees, water and land. It is the human bcing that I delight in. Therefore my many minds.

There are three classes of laborers at work on the South and Western Railroad between Marion and Sprucepine. The native, a typical mountaineer, of the better type; the negro, who went there from this section, and the Italian, an importation from the North.

The North Carolina mountaineer is you he is hospitable and kind in his way. He has very little, if any, reverence for God, and less for his fellowman. Of course this is not true of all of them, but, generally speaking, it is. The boys curse and swear like troopers, but, withal, they are good natured and charitable to those they like. As I rode by a squad of one hundred or more men, native boys, at work on a dirt road I looked at various individuals and saw a bright lustre in almost every eye. The mountaineer has plenty of native wit and genuine ability; many of them are illiterate, but never ignorant. He knows the ways of nature-of the mountains, the trees, the rivers and the like. He is a product of the soil.

After passing the workmen in the road I came upon a number of teams on their way to one of the camps with a lot of lumber. There were two, four and six mules to a wagon, and young mountaineers did the driving. I never saw finer stock than those great, strong mules that made up those teams. The drivers rode the saddle mule, as in the olden days, and directed the course of the wagon through the lead mule, who wore a guide line at his left cheek and a geestick at his right shoulder. There were no cow tails, or red ribbons tied about the bridles for decorations, but the teams were well harnessed and fat.

As Mr. Trent and myself rode on, watching the men with the picks and shovels, and the on-coming teams, a a fierce, sharp ory burst upon us; a driver far down the line was urging his team to do its utmost in a boggy place in the road. Clear and sharp Mike, you d-d rascal. Git out of here!"

As we passed I took a crack at the fellow who had stopped to let the mules blow. I said: "Young fellow, you ought not to swear so loud when preachers are passing.'

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is lated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.



Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emul-sion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE CHEMISTS 409 Pearl St., New York 50c. and \$1.00. All Druggists.

"I)- the preachers; let 'em stav

Mr. Mountaineer was in carnest. He did not care who heard him swear. He was talking to the team of mules recent trip across the Blue Ridge and if any fellow was so unfortunate a dozen other reasons belonging to Mountains was all the more delight- as to hear he had to grin and bear it. ful because I saw many persons of There was a healthy glow in the young man's face and he looked like a stalwart son of the soil.

These mountain folk are making from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day and they do hour in making his selection. It was not care what happens. Many of them will never return to their old work, that of a plain tiller of mountain sides, but will drift out into the busy world to become mechanics, artisans and all sorts of skilled worka unique character. He is as inter- men. Some will become railroad conesting as the day is long. He does tractors, and others foremen and sunot know what fear is and if he likes perintendents. They have in them the making of first-class workmen and the taste of money-making and the knowledge of what is going on in the outside world will set them afire. Hundreds of these fellows have gathered from the coves and the valleys and are making sturdy, valuable laborers. They are lusty, muscular yearning for for years-romance. He and willing.

> The Italian is quite a different man. He works like a clock, and is bossed by a padrone, who says when to work or quit. They make fine laborers so long as they are satisfied. Like silent steers they go from morning till night, toiling on and saying nothing. They are well-knit in body and dark of complexion. Every time one sends down his pick he cuts a hole in the ground; his efforts bring forth good results. These short, stocky fellows labor as does the ant. They strive to make the almighty dollar.

Ola Cuffie, the black man, is the best laborer when he will work. He can be driven like the mule, and nine days out of ten his heart is full of joy, and he gives vent to his good feelings by singing or hollering aloud. Good ! farmers claim that they fear negroes who do not sing when they toil. The song of a darkey is ample assurance that he is moving. Therefore it is not strange that most overseers in the South profer the negro.

While I was at Camp 4, the other night, the poliseman of the place came in with a handful of pistols, some short, but others long and dangerous-looking.

"What are you going to do with those?" some one asked.

"I have to take shooting irons away from the negroes to keep down troucame the words: "Get up there, blo," said the fofficer, who had quelled and ahandoned them and then suddena little disturbance a few days be-

> One of the old guns looked as ancient as the sword of Brutus.

"Captain, captain, captain, I'm givin' you all my time," shouted a was back at the hat store asking where negro, as we passed along the works, Tuesday morning. Those were his only words, but he kept repeating bought at auction and referred him to them, putting tune into them somehow or other until it sounded fairly his books over and took his time about

It is with these three classes of men that the South and Western Railway the Blue Ridge Mountains from Sprucepine to Marion, Rutherfordton and Sparianburg. Something like even more fascinating. 3,600 of them will be at work after If your blood is impoverished the Christmas holidays. The number now has been reduced to about 2,500. As a rule the mountaineers the Italians and the negroes are not worked hearted, trusting, hopeful and high together, but at different camps, minded. She probably had been born Most of the Italians are at Camps 2 and reared in affluence, but owing to and 3, while the negroes are on this in the Texas oll fields, where there was side of the mountain and the natives no oll, she had been obliged to turn to beyond the ridge.

After the South and Western Road is finished from Sprucepine to Marion many hotels will be built in McDowso easily digested and assimi- ell, Mitchell and Yancey counties, and Arnold Thompson went to Dunbery. many summer visitors will go there for rest and health. Bold springs of cold water are to be seen on every any one of half a dozen places they mountain. There are many beautiful hotel sites on Washburn's Ridge and was to give up further thought of Genein the neighborhood of McKinney's Gap, where the altitude is something like 3,000 feet. The prettiest grove of mountain laurel that I ever saw is near the top of the Blue Ridge, close to where the south end of "The palatable and always beneficial Long Tannel" will be. The entire into Canada, and he reached Canada to where the body is wasting from side of a small mountain is covered be told that Michigan was his likely with the popular flowering plant, which is so tall that one could crawl beneath its richly-leafed top. I saw hundreds of pretty places for resort

In a story to follow this I shall tell of the South and Western Road in detail and give the names of many of the stations between Pikeville, Ky., and Spartanburg, S. C.,

- It is just as easy to predict one kind of weather as another-but what's the use?

Chasing a hat

By C. B. Lewis

Copyright, 1995, by Homer Sprague

Arnold Thompson, bachelor of forty, was bored. He was bored because the warm weather had come, and he must go away to some resort; because he had to buy a new straw hat; because he had tried the roof gardens and they had offered nothing new; because he had indolently tried to filrt with a good looking girl that day on the street and she had exhibited her contempt; because of bachelorhood

When Arnold Thompson bought a hat it was an event. He argued that the fate of a nation depended on the appearance of that hat when placed on his head, and he was therefore a full an hour of anxiety to him and an hour of misery to the salesman who wetted on him. On this day, however-on this day when he strolled into his hatter's and made his wants known something out of the ordinary was to happen. The bachelor had tried on only nineteen different hats and had posed before the glass only nineteen different times. when he in ide a discovery under the sweathand of the nineteenth hat. It was a slip of paper, and on it was written in a feminine hand:

If the buyer of this hat is a single man

No address was added, and as the bachelor held the slip in his hand a thrill of romance began to creep into his soul. That's what he had been had had it from twenty to thirty, but lost it from thirty to forty and came to the conclusion that his heart never could be stirred again.

"If the buyer of this hat is a single

Well, he was single. He was not only single, but called rather good looking, and he had a fairly good income. -"and a gentleman"-

Well, he was a gentleman, and no one could be found to dispute the fact. What should follow? He would write to Genevieve Burton. The name pleased him, and as he stood there with the nineteenth straw hat in one hand and the slip in the other he exiled up a vision of a handsome face and a curly head and a willowy form. He had no business to think Genevieve good looking, curly headed or willowy, but he assumed the responsibility and said to the salesman, much to the latter's sur-

'I'll take this hat."

'But is it a good fit?" v said I would take this hat. Send

As a matter of fact, the hat was not a good fit, and the bachelor had meant to paw over at least nineteen others, but it struck him that he must have the hat as well as the slip of paper found beneath its sweatband. The two naturally went together.

As soon as he reached his club he sat down to write to Genevieve. He found it a hard task. She was a braider of straw hats; she lived far away; she was innocent hearted; she couldn't be invited to take a ride in his auto or to accompany him to the theater and dinner; she was a coy, shy country bluebird and must not be startled. The bachelor started three different letters ly discovered that he had no address to write to. But why write at all? Why not chase that hat down until the fair braider was discovered?

A decision was reached in an instant, and half an hour later the man the hat was made. He was referred to a wholesale dealer. The dealer said that the hat was part of a small stock an auctioneer. The auctioneer looked it and then "reckoned" it was a Smith

The nvestigation thus far had consumed ten days, but Arnold Thompson Company is cutting its way through had rather enjoyed them. The detective instinct is more or less strong in the character of every man, and when romance is mingled with it it becomes

The bachelor flattered himself that he was a student of human nature and that he could get an insight into a person's character through his chirography. He sized Genevieve up as warm straw hats to make a living. It was a shame, and he sympathized with her from the bottom of his heart. He had always said that he wouldn't marry,

He visited every hatter in the hat town, but all went back on the hat. He was told that it might have been made in mentioned, and the only thing to do vieve or pursue his quest.

He decided at once to pursue. He always had been flattered by women running after him; now he was running after one of the opposite sex, and there was something novel in the change. He went to Massachusetts and was sent on

This occupied a full month. bachelor did not travel by lightning express. He stopped on the way to think of Genevieve and take his Turk, ish baths and get his nails manicured. He got around to Michigan at last, however. He had no sooner set eyes on the Maumee river at Toledo than many cattails and much marsh grass and give the connections that will be and other things of which straw bats made with other roads.

Arriving at the City of the Straits, the buchelor located the only hat factory in town and then went to his devil.

hotel to make ready for an interview on the morrow. He was alternating between fear and hope when a drummer with whom he fell in reached for his but in the familiar way drummers have on two minutes' acquaintance and looked it over and said:

"Once in awhile one of you New York fellers shows a little common sense in articles of dress." "How do you mean?"

"This is the best straw hat made, and it was made right here in this lit-

That settled it, and a bland and complacent smile broke over the face of the bachelor. He could forgive the innuendo because his long chase was at last ended. In the language of Sherlock Holmes, he had run his quarry to earth, and the morrow would bring a crisis. Mr. Arnold Thompson realized that he was off on a tangent. He had the reputation of being a cool and imperturbable fellow, one who never lost his head about women, but he had to acknowledge that he had made a fool of himself in this affair-that is, all t's friends would say so. He had some excuses for his own ear, and if they were not sufficient he wasn't go-

ing to admit the fact. At 10 o'clock the next morning the bachelor started for the hat factory. He intended to walk right in and talk about hats and perhaps pass himself off as a retailer. It was a small concern, employing only about half a dozen women to sew the braid purchased somewhere else. The business office and the workshop were in one, and the romancist entered to find a woman about forty years old in charge. She explained that the boss had just stepped out and asked what was wanted.

hats, and he was making slow work of it when one of the girls came forward and said to the woman: "Excuse me, Mrs. Burton, but am 1

Mr. Thompson began to talk about

sewing this right?" "Are you Genevieve Burton?" asked the bachelor as she turned to him again. "I-I am," she replied as she tried to

blush. "You-you wrote your name and slipped it behind the sweatband of this bat?" "I did. sir."

"W-what was your object?" "Just a trick of the trade. I am paid \$2 a week extra for that. That's why we call it the 'Romance' hat. We have sent out 12,000 hats, and every one has my name in. Has it given you a backache to find out where the hat was made?"

"Never again, Genevleve - never again will I believe in woman or romance!" exclaimed Arnold Thompson in his most tragic tones. And an hour later he was fleeing the town and trying to make himself believe that he was traveling to broaden his ideas on his own country.

The Good Old Fashioned Game. Uncle Hiram was bewalling the degeneracy of modern sports. "Look at baseball," he said. "There ain't half the fun in it there was when I was a young man. Nowadays the fellers with the hat don't seem to be able to do anything with the ball. There's lots of games when they don't make a run.

"I mind the time when I belonged to the Fearmaughts of Prairietown. There was a club up in Heddingville that thought they could beat us without half trying. They challenged us, and we took 'em up. They come down one ple from Heddingville to see 'em wipe us out.

"Well, sir, we begun playing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The game wasn't finished at noon, and we quit for dinner. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we went at it again, and mighty nigh the whole town went out to the pasture where we was playing to see the game.

"First one side would get ahead and then the other. Batting? You never saw such batting in your life. There was more than two dozen home huns. It was close on to 5 o'clock when the last man was put out. But we beat em. We took the concelt out of them fellers, and they never challenged us again." "But what was the score, Uncle Hi-

ram?" asked one of the listeners. "Ninety-seven to 00," proudly answered Uncle Hiram, "and I made 15 of them runs myself. Think of that when you hear about a '1 to 0' game in Efteen innings! I tell you, we could hit the ball in them days!"

Abeinth. Absinth is a spirit flavored with the

pounded leaves and flowering tops of certain species of artemisia, chiefly wormwood, together with angelica root, sweet flag root, star anise and other aromatics. The aromatics are macerated for about eight days in alcohol and then distilled, the result being a green colored liquor. Adulteration is largely practiced, usually with the essential oils of other herbs, but even blue vitriol is sometimes found in so called absinth. Its effect upon either man or woman not actively engaged in manual work of some kind must be dangerous. It makes the brain dull and unreliable. Under its effects the merest glimpses of mental sunshine are immediately followed by prolonged periods of dejection. Sensible persons are safest if they never touch absinth.—Exchange.

-A Sunday school worker was visiting a country school one day. In an emergency he was asked to teach a class of brys, and complied. He put a number of rapid fire questions in the beginning, and one boy began to take pleasure in answering. The contor commended his prompt replies, and upon each successful adamer and approval the boy seemed fairly to rise in his seat and grow taller with satisfaction. But the first questions were easy, and presently came a hard one. The boy was mute. Then he broke out with, "Say, Mister, I've —No true wemen ever begins to gone just as far as my think wil of." grow old until sfier her marriage.

Should both stop there, or try to —There is nothing wrong with the get that think to go further? For mind of a man who minds his own you know that teachers' and papils' | business, "thinks" must somebow work together in lesson-time.

- Peace with God is not a matter of others. of patching up a compromise with the

CONDENSED STORIES.

Joke Was on the Senator, and He Acknowledged the Corn. John A. Harris used to relate the following incident, which happened

in his home town of Plainfield: In 1886 the late Senator Henry L. Dawes while driving near the town of Plainfield, not far from Cummington, a native town, lost his



vav and secured the services of William Reid, a simple minded youth. to direct him the right way.

Mr. Dawes took the boy in his carriage, and as they were passing an extensive pasture the senator remarked that was "a fine lot of spear grass."

"That's Herd's grass." remarked the boy.

Vainly the senator tried to explain that the boy was wrong and finally made a bet of \$10 to a cent that he (Mr. Dawes) was right and referred the matter to Andrew E. Wells, an old farmer, who knew Mr. Dawes by sight.

"Guess you have lost, senator." said the referee, who decided the bet in the boy's favor. "Why, that is Herd's grass, for it belongs to Tom Herd." So Mr. Dawes admitted that the joke was on him.—Boston Herald.

A Good Thing at a Bad Time. Mme. Bouguereau, the widow of the noted French painter, was Miss Elizabeth Gardner of Exeter, N. H., says the Washington Post.

"Mme. Bouguereau," said an artist, "has a fund of New England anecdote, which she repeats with a droll humar.

"I heard her in her studio one day describing an aged woman of Exeter. This woman was always saying wise, true things at the wrong time. Her grandson got married, and a little while after the wedding she made the excellent re-

"'I am glad Herbert had the sense to marry a settled old maid. Young gals is highty tighty, and widders is overrulin' and domineerin'. But old maids is generally thankful and willin' to please.'

"And the aged dame crocheted away comfortably, with the consciousness of having said a good thing. But the look on the face of Herbert's new wife as she fixed the old lady with her glittering eye was suggestive of anything but meek-

Proof For Colonal Crowninshield.

The estate owned by the late Colonel Crowninshield, one of Marblehead's most aristocratic citizens, adjoins the pasture of William Farmer, a sturdy farmer. A valuable dog owned by the colonel used to run into the pasture and annoy the farmer's cows. Farmer went to Colonel Crowninshield and requested that the annoyance be stopped, only

to receive the reply, "How do you know it is my dog?"

"How do I know?" replied the other, with rising indignation.

"Why, haven't I seen him?"

"You must bring me better proof," replied the colonel as he

turned coldly away.

"All right, sir," said the farmer in an unmistakable tone. "The next time the dog bothers my cows I'll bring you all the proof necessary in wheelbarrow."

The dog never bothered the cows fterward.—Boston Herald.

He Needed The

"Skaggs Corners!" The young man leaped from the train and began hastily to look fter his enormous mass of luggage "Theayter manager, hain't ye? said a veterar in red mittens.

"No," the young man answered.
"I am a landscape photographer, gathering show scenes for a work on Beautiful America."

"Waal, I be gosh durned! Wat ye doin', then, with thet thar mounting o' theayter scenery?"
"Those canvases," said the young man, "are painted with rustic views. I use them to hide the medical and other advertisements upon the tand-scapes that I photograph?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

- Free and anything but easy are the seats in some of our churches.

-Consider your own feeles and you will have less to say about the faults

- You can not repair a base b

For Infants and Children

The Kind You Have **Always Bought**

Promotes Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. Percipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoca Worms, Convulsions, Feyerishness and Loss of Seeep. FacSimile Signature of

Cheff Flatetier.

NEW YORK.

Aib months old

12 nust 2 - 32 CI VIZ

900 DROPS

AVegetable Preparation for As-

similating the Food and Regulating the Storachs and Bowels of

SINFANTS CHILDREN

NOT NAMCOTIC.

Bears the Signature Thirty Years

PARTIES having Farms for sale will find it to their advantage to list same with me. Having connection with one of the largest Real Estate Broker Associations in the United States, I am prepared to reach prospective purchasers throughout the entire country; thereby insuring better prices and quicker sales than when entirely dependent upon local purchasers for a market. My bu iness is conducted strictly on a commission basis—no sale,

no charge for services, Correspondence solicited; and when in the city, come to see me

and let's talk the matter over, no matter whether you want to sell now or at some future time.

JOHN FRANK, Real Estate Broker,

Watson-Vandiver Building, Anderson, S. C. Phone 246. To afford you an opportunity to have—

DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS MUSIC And pleasure for the rest of the year we have made—

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRICES. Good until New Year's Day, on new-

FACTORY SAMPLE PIANOS. \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200.

Handsome cases, best quality tone and material, fully war-

Two Car Loads ORGANS of our standard lines, may be yours on easy terms at lowest possible prices. Graphaphones, Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Etc. Come to see or write us for these special prices.

> THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE, ANDERSON, 8. C.

LOOK OVER THIS LIST. SELECT YOUR HOME. AND SEE ME!

CITY OF ANDERSON. 8 vacant Lots on Greenville street.
1 House and Lot on North Fant at.
1 House and Lot on Franklin st.
1 vacant Lot Main et.
O her Lots in various localitie. ROCK MILLS TOWNSHIP.

108 -cres, improved, 150 scres, improved, PENDLETON TOWNSHIP. 89 scree, with 5 room dwelling and out

160 a res, partly in outlivation, 120 acres, two-story dwelling, and necessary outbuildings. CENTREVILLE TOWNSHIP.

111 acres, improved.
104 acres, improved.
155 acres, improved.
800 acres, fine lands, well improved—
will be sold to sulf purchizers.
97 acres, improved, good state of cultivation. 268 scres, well improved, good water good dwellings and tenant houses. CORNER TOWNSHIP.

142 sorer, 5-room dwelling, bern, do HOPEWELL TOWNSHIP

BRCADWAY WNSHIP. 51 acres, in culd vation.
385 acres, good dwellings, barn, well improved, in fine state of cultivation—s HALL TOWNSHIP.

289 acres, in cultivation. GARVIN TOWNSHIP. 108 seres, improved 174 seres, improved. FORK TOWNSHIP.

223 seres, 5-room dwelling, 5 tenationses, barns, &c.—wall improved, goodwater, good lands—big bargain. ABBEVILLE COUNTY. 150 acres, in cultivation. 400 acres, in good state cultivation OCONER COUNTY.

Center Township. 501 scree, well improved. 100 scree, well improved. 500 scree, 4 tenent dwellings. 130 scree,

of scree. 178 acres, 7-room and one 3-room dwell-175 acres, 2 tenant dwellings, 200 acres, two 8-room dwelling

These Lanus are well situated, in good localities, convenient to Churches, and Schools, and the larger places will be divided into small Tracts where

Now, it you MEAN BUSINESS come and see me.

I am in the Real Estate the purpose of furnishing Homes the People, to encourage new settlers, and to help those who want to set

A. O. STRICKLAND

HOS OF TREFFERENCE CHIEFFORD CO.

